

A
S E A R C H
A F T E R
H A P P I N E S S :
A
P A S T O R A L.

Price Two-Shillings and Six-Pence.

REVISED



HAPPINESS

PASTORAL

Price Two-shillings and Six-Pence.





Henth. Sculp.

Hannah More.

Susanna Williamson

April 1774

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S E A R C H

A F T E R

H A P P I N E S S :

A

P A S T O R A L.

In T H R E E D I A L O G U E S.

By a Y O U N G L A D Y.

(Hannah More)

“ To rear the tender thought,

“ To teach the young idea how to shoot,

“ To pour the fresh instruction o'er the mind,

“ To breathe th' enliv'ning spirit, and to fix

“ The gen'rous purpose in the *Female* breast.”

THOMPSON.

B R I S T O L:

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SEAR & H

HAPPINESS:



T. A. S. R. A. L.

THREE DIAMONDS

By a YOUNG LADY.

THE YOUNG LADY'S

DIAMONDS

THE YOUNG LADY'S

DIAMONDS

THE YOUNG LADY'S

THOMSON.

THE YOUNG LADY'S

THE YOUNG LADY'S

THE YOUNG LADY'S

THE YOUNG LADY'S

ADVERTISEMENT.

IT has been so hackney'd a practice for Authors to pretend that imperfect copies of their works had crept abroad, that the writer of the following Pastoral is almost ashamed to alledge this as the *real* cause of the present publication. This little poem was composed several years ago (the Author's age eighteen) and recited at that Time, and since, by a party of young Ladies, for which purpose it was originally written; by this means, some mutilated copies were circulated, unknown to the Author, thro' many Hands.

ADVERTISEMENT

It is to be regretted that the Author of
the present has imperfect copies of this work and
does not know the writer of the following Journal
is almost entirely unknown to the writer of the
present publication. This little poem was composed
several years ago (the Author's age sixteen) and recited
at that time, and since by a party of young ladies, for
which purpose it was originally written; by this means
some mutilated copies were circulated, unknown to the
Author, thus many thanks.

T O

Mrs. G W A T K I N.

DEAR MADAM,

AS the following little poem turns chiefly on the danger of *delay*, or *error*, in the important article of *Education*; I know not to whom I can, with more propriety, dedicate it, than to you: as the subject it inculcates, has been one of the principal objects of your attention, in your own family. Let not the name of *dedication* alarm you; I am not going to offend by making your eulogium. Panegyric is only necessary to suspicious, or common characters. Virtue will not accept it. Modesty will not offer it.

The friendship with which you have honor'd me from my very childhood, will, I flatter myself, be exerted in my favour on this occasion, and induce you to pardon
me

DEDICATION.

me for venturing, without your permission, to lay, before
you this public testimony of my esteem, and to assure
you, how much I am,

Dear Madam,

Your obedient,

and obliged humble Servant,

The AUTHOR.

The introductory ADDRESS;

Spoken by EUPHELIA.

WITH trembling diffidence, with modest fear,
Before this gentle audience we appear.
Ladies! survey us with a tender eye,
Put on good-nature, and lay judgment by.
No deep-laid plot adorns our humble page,
But scenes adapted to our sex and age.
No haughty female's passions here describ'd,
Nor chamber maids by jealous husbands brib'd;
Simplicity is all our author's aim,
She does not write, nor do *we* speak for *fame*.
To make amusement and instruction friends,
A lesson in the guise of play she sends;
She claims no merit but her love of truth,
No plea to favor, but her *sex* and *youth*:
With these alone to boast, she sends me here,
To beg your kind, indulgent, partial ear.
Of critic *man* she could not stand the test,
But you with softer, gentler hearts are blest'd:
With *him* she dares not rest her feeble cause,
Too low a mark for satire, or applause.

Ladies, protect her---do not be satyric,
Spare censure, she expects not panegyric.

The Characters of the *Pastoral*.

FLORISSA,	}	Four Young Ladies of Distinction in Search of Happiness.
PASTORELLA,		
LAURINDA,		
EUPHELIA,		

URANIA, An ancient Shepherdess

FLORA,	}	Her Daughters.
ELIZA,		

FLORELLA, A Young Shepherdess.

(The above Characters were represented by young
Ladies from eight, to fifteen Years old.)

23 JY 68

A SEARCH after HAPPINESS:

A PASTORAL, in Three Dialogues.

D I A L O G U E I.

SCENE, A GROVE.

FLORISSA, PASTORELLA, LAURINDA, EUPHELIA.

FLORISSA.

WELCOME, ye humble vales, ye flow'ry shades,
Ye murmuring fountains, and ye verdant glades!
From all the gilded misery of the great,
From all the dull impertinence of state;
From scenes, where daring guilt triumphant reigns,
It's dark suspicions, and it's hoard of pains;
Where pleasure never comes without alloy,
And art wou'd varnish o'er fallacious joy;
Where folly crowns the day, excess the night,
And dull satiety succeeds delight;

B 2

Where

Where midnight vices their fell orgies keep,
 And guilty revels scare the phantom sleep;
 Where dissipation wears the name of bliss;
 From these we fly in search of Happiness.

E U P H E L I A.

And lo, at length, propitious to our view,
 Behold the spot our anxious hopes pursue!
 These branching oaks, which old as time appear,
 Proclaim URANIA'S dwelling to be near.
 And see---observe the low-roof'd cottage rise;
 Not regal domes so grateful to my eyes.

P A S T O R E L L A.

How the description with the scene agrees!
 Here lowly thickets, there aspiring trees:
 The hazle copse excluding noon-day's beam,
 The tufted arbor, the pellucid stream:
 The blooming sweet-briar and the hawthorn shade,
 The springing cowslips and the daisied mead:
 The wild luxuriance of the full-blown fields,
 Which spring prepares and laughing Summer yields.

E U P H E L I A.

Here simple nature strikes the raptur'd eye,
 With charms which wealth and art but ill supply;

The

The genuine graces, which, *without*, we find,
Display the beauty of the owner's mind.

L A U R I N D A.

Yes, be assur'd, this grove contains the cell
Where sage URANIA and her children dwell.
FLORELLA too, if right we've heard the tale,
With them resides---the lily of the vale.

F L O R I S S A.

But soft, what gentle female form appears,
Which, rosy health, and softest beauty wears?
Some Angel, sure, commission'd from above,
Or else the smiling genius of the grove!

Enter FLORELLA, who speaks.

What do I see?---ye beauteous virgins, say,
What chance conducts your steps this desert way?
Do you pursue some fav'rite lambkin stray'd,
Or do yon alders court you to their shade?
Declare, fair strangers, for, if right I deem,
No rustic nymphs of vulgar rank you seem.

F L O R I S S A.

No cooling shades allure our eager sight,
Nor lambkin lost our searching steps invite.

Or

H A P P I N E S S.

F L O R E L L A.

Or is it, haply, yonder branching vine,
 Whose trunk the woodbine's fragrant tendrils twine:
 Whose spreading height with purple clusters crown'd,
 Attracts the gaze of ev'ry nymph around?
 Or doth the juicy pear your eyes invite,
 Whose rich delicious ripeness tempts the sight?
 Say, is it this, or ought I have beside,
 FLORELLA's fruits, her flow'rs, her fleecy pride?

E U P H E L I A.

FLORELLA! our united thanks receive,
 Sole proof of gratitude we have to give!
 And since you deign to ask, O courteous fair,
 The motive of our unremitting care:
 Know then, our wishes terminate in this,
 And what we seek and crave is-----Happiness.

F L O R I S S A.

Long have we search'd throughout this bounteous isle,
 With constant ardor and with ceaseless toil:
 The various ways of various life we've tried,
 But peace, sweet peace hath ever been deny'd.
 We've fought in vain thro' ev'ry different state,
 The rich, the poor, the lowly, and the great:
 Doth she with Kings in palaces reside,
 Or dwells obscurely, far from pomp and pride?

To

To learn this truth, we've bid a long adieu
To all the shadows blinded men pursue.
---We seek URANIA, her whose virtues fire
Our virgin hearts to *be* what we *admire*.
Report hath blazon'd her accomplish'd mind
The spotless mansion of the graces join'd;
For tho' with care she shuns the public eye,
Yet worth like her's, can ne'er obscurely lie.

L A U R I N D A .

On such a fair and faultless model form'd,
By prudence guided and by virtue warm'd;
Perhaps, FLORELLA can direct our youth,
And point our footsteps to the paths of truth?

F L O R E L L A .

New as I am to life's all varying scene,
Scarce knowing yet, what vice and virtue mean;
Unskill'd in points which sage experience shews,
I dare not solve the question you propose;
But wou'd you know the way to perfect bliss,
(Which virtue and the virtuous never miss :)
The Dame you seek inhabits yonder cell,
In her, united worth and wisdom dwell :
Poor, not dejected, humble, yet not mean,
Chearful, tho' grave, and lively, tho' serene :

Bene-

Benevolent, kind, pious, gentle, just,
 Reason her guide, and Providence her trust.
 If Heav'n, indulgent to her little store,
 Adds to that little, but a little more:
 With pious praise her grateful heart o'erflows,
 And sweetly mitigates the sufferers woes.

Her labors for devotion best prepare,
 And meek devotion smoothes the brow of care.

Two lovely daughters make her little state,
 The dearest blessings of propitious fate.
 Under her kind protecting wing I live:
 She gives to all---for she has much to give,
 Since Heav'n hath bless'd her with an ample *heart*,
 A liberal *soul* which wou'd to all impart;
 But, wise in all it's operations, join'd
 A narrow fortune to a noble mind.

P A S T O R E L L A.

Her bright perfections charm my listening ear!
 Elate with hope, we come to seek her here:
 To ask the way to virtue and to bliss,
 Of her who boasts supremest Happiness.

F L O R E L L A.

Doubtless, fair nymph, from her you may receive
 Advice and pray'r, the whole she has to give.

L A U-

H A P P I N E S S.

7

L A U R I N D A.

Lead, fair FLORELLA, to that humble shed,
Where peace resides, from courts and cities fled.

End of the First DIALOGUE.

C

DIALOGUE

D I A L O G U E II.

SCENE, a COTTAGE in the GROVE.

FLORISSA, PASTORELLA, EUPHELIA, LAURINDA, and FLO-
RELLA at a little Distance.

URANIA, FLORA, and ELIZA come out of the Cottage.

U R A N I A.

Y E tender objects of maternal love,
Ye dearest joys URANIA e'er can prove:
Behold another blessed morn arise,
Behold the Sun, all glorious, mount the skies!
Say, can you see this animating sight,
Without a fervent, pious, strong delight?
Does not that Sun, whose all-prolific ray
Inspires each object to be light and gay:
Does not that vivid pow'r teach ev'ry mind,
To be as warm, benevolent and kind:
To burn with unremitted ardor still,
Like him to execute their Maker's will?
Then, let us, Power Supreme! thy will adore,
Invoke thy mercies and proclaim thy pow'r;
Shalt thou these benefits in *vain* bestow?
Shall we forget the source from whence they flow?

Teach

H A P P I N E S S.

9

Teach us, thro' these to lift ourselves to Thee,
 And in the gift the bounteous Giver see:
 To view Thee, as thou art, all good and wise,
 Nor let thy blessings hide Thee from our eyes:
 From all obstructions clear our mental sight,
 Pour on our souls thy beatific light:
 Teach us thy wondrous goodness to revere,
 With love to worship, and with rev'rence fear:
 In the *mild* works of thy *benignant* hand,
 As in the *thunder* of thy dread command.
 In *common* objects we neglect thy pow'r,
 Nor find a miracle in ev'ry flow'r;
 Yet neither hurricanes, nor storms proclaim
 In *louder* language, thy Almighty Name.
 ----Tell me, my first, my last, my darling care,
 If you this morn have rais'd your hearts in pray'r?
 Say, did you rise from the sweet bed of rest,
 Your God unprais'd, his holy name unblest'd?

F L O R A.

With pious thoughts, with holiest notions fraught,
 By those pure precepts you have ever taught:
 By great example, more than precept strong,
 Of pray'r and praise we've tun'd our matin song.

E L I Z A.

And now we come, with duteous joy, t' attend
 Our best exemplar, our maternal friend.

FLORELLA, (aside to the Ladies, who advance.)

See how the goodly dame with pious art,
Makes every thing a lesson to the heart!
Observe th' attentive listeners, how they stand!
Improvement and delight go hand in hand.

U R A N I A.

But where's FLORELLA?

F L O R E L L A.

Here's the happy she,
Whose dearest blessing, next to Heav'n, is thee:

U R A N I A.

But what are these, in whose attractive mien,
So sweetly blended, ev'ry grace is seen?

F L O R I S S A.

Lo! humbly to the earth thy servants bend.

U R A N I A.

Rise, fair ones, and command your willing friend.
Speak, my FLORELLA, say the cause why here
These beauteous damsels on our plains appear?

F L O R E L L A.

Invited hither by URANIA's fame,
To seek her friendship, to these shades they came.

Straying

H A P P I N E S S.

II

Straying alone at morning's earliest dawn,
I met them wandering on the desert lawn.
I courted their's, nor did they shun my love,
I've brought them here, your piety to prove.

U R A N I A.

Tell me, my fair, the real reason tell,
Which brings such guests to grace my lowly cell;
Ask what we have to give---it is not our's,
Heaven has but lent it us to make it your's.

F L O R I S S A.

Your counsel, your advice is all we ask,
And for URANIA that's no irksome task.
'Tis HAPPINESS we seek: O deign to tell
Where the coy fugitive delights to dwell?

U R A N I A.

Ah, rather say, where you have sought this guest,
This lovely inmate of the virtuous breast?
Avow the various methods you've essay'd,
To court and win the bright, celestial maid.
But first, tho' harsh the task, each beauteous fair
Her taste and temper must with truth declare.

E U P H E L I A.

Bred in the regal splendors of a court,
Where pleasures, dress'd in every shape, resort:

I tried

I tried the pow'r of pomp and costly glare,
 Nor ever *thought*, nor ever form'd a *pray'r*;
 In different follies every hour I spent,
 Reflection always on some errand sent,
 Without reflection whence cou'd rise content?
 My hours were shar'd betwixt the Park and play,
 And *music* serv'd to waste the tedious day;
 Yet *softest* airs no more with joy I heard,
 Soon as some *sweeter* warbler was preferr'd.
 The *dance* succeeded, and succeeding, tir'd,
 If some more *graceful* dancer was admir'd.
 No sounds but flattery ever sooth'd my ear,
 Ungentle truths I knew not how to bear.
 In drawing-rooms my dull pale vigils spent,
 With ardor sought, but found not *there* Content.
 The Syren mock'd me with delusive charms;
 I grasp'd---the shadow fled my eager arms.
 The scorpion *envy* goaded still my breast,
 Some newer beauty robb'd my soul of rest;
 Or if my elegance of form prevail'd,
 And, haply, her inferior graces fail'd:
 Yet still some cause of wretchedness I found,
 Some barbed shaft my shatter'd peace to wound:
 Perhaps her gay attire exceeded mine---
 When she was *finer* how could I be *fine*?

F L O R A.

H A P P I N E S S.

13

F L O R A.

Pardon my interruption, beauteous maid!
Can truth have prompted what you just have said?
Do you believe it possible, that dress
Can lessen, or advance your Happiness;
Or that your robes, tho' splendid, rich and fine,
Possess intrinsic value more than mine?

E L I Z A.

Is nature then to folly so allied,
That what makes human shame makes human pride?
Or moves mankind by *custom's* slavish rule,
And is it *fashion* constitutes the fool?

F L O R I S S A.

Another source my melancholy draws,
Th' effect's the same, tho' different is the cause.
I sigh'd for fame, I languish'd for renown,
I wou'd be prais'd, caress'd, admir'd, and known.
On daring wing my mounting spirit soar'd
And science thro' her boundless fields explor'd;
I scorn'd the salique laws of pedant schools,
Which chain our genius down by tasteless rules.
I long'd to burst these female bonds which held,
By passion prompted, and by fame impell'd;
To boast each various faculty of mind,
Thy graces, POPE! with JOHNSON's learning join'd:
Like SWIFT, with strongly pointed ridicule,
To brand the villain and abash the fool:

To

To judge with taste, with spirit to compose,
 Now mount in epic, now descend to prose;
 Steal flow'rs from BURKE at once *sublime* and *sweet*,
 From MASON numbers, and from COLMAN wit;
 Thy talents, MELMOTH, HUME, thy polish'd page!
 All HAMMOND's softness, and all DRYDEN's rage.
 I pin'd for passion, sentiment, and stile,
 To weep with OTWAY, and with GOLDSMITH smile:
 With poignant STERNE, now laugh the hours away,
 Or court the muse of elegy with GRAY.
 With LANGHORNE fancy's fairy walks to range,
 And please, like LANGHORNE, howsoe'er I change;
 Abstruser studies soon my fancy caught,
 The poet in th' astronomer forgot;
 NEWTON and LEIBNITZ now my thoughts inspir'd,
 And *numbers* less than *calculations* fir'd;
 DESCARTES and EUCLID shar'd my varying breast,
 And plans and problems all my soul possess'd:
 Less pleas'd to sing inspiring Phœbus' ray,
 Than mark the flaming comet's devious way:
 The pale moon dancing on the silver stream,
 And the mild lustre of her trembling beam,
 No more cou'd charm my philosophic pride,
 Which fought her influence on the flowing tide;
 No more cou'd sylvan beauties strike my thought,
 Which only facts and demonstrations fought,
 " Let common eyes, I said, with transport view,
 " The earth's bright verdure, or the heav'n's soft blue,

" False

"False is the pleasure, the delight is vain,

"Colours exist but in the *vulgar* brain."

I now with LOCKE trod *metaphysic* foil,

And search'd the *microscopic* world with BOYLE;

Sigh'd for their fame, but fear'd to share their toil.

The laurel wreath, in fond idea twin'd,

To grace my learned temples I design'd.

These were my notions, these my constant themes,

My daily longings and my nightly dreams;

The idol fame my bosom robb'd of rest,

Too small the mansion for so great a guest.

P A S T O R E L L A.

To me, no joys cou'd pomp, or fame impart,

Far softer thoughts possess'd my virgin heart.

No prudent parent form'd my ductile youth,

Nor pointed out the lovely paths of truth.

Left to myself to cultivate my mind,

Pernicious *novels* their soft entrance find:

Their pois'nous influence led my mind astray,

I sigh'd for something, what, I cou'd not say;

I died for heroes who have never been,

And fancied virtues which were never seen;

I sickn'd with disgust at sober sense,

And loath'd the pleasures worth and truth dispense;

Contemn'd the manners of the world I saw,

Fiction my nature, and romance my law.

Strange images my wand'ring fancy fill,
 Each wind a zephyr, and each brook a rill.
 I found adventures in each common tale,
 And talk'd and sigh'd to ev'ry passing gale;
 Convers'd with echoes, woods and shades and bow'rs,
 Cascades and grottoes, fields and streams, and flow'rs.

Folly within my heart her empire found,
 My passions floating and my judgment drown'd;
 Reason perverted, fancy on her throne,
 (My soul to all my senses softness prone;)
 I neither spoke, nor look'd as mortal ought,
 By sense abandon'd and by fancy taught:
 A victim to imagination's sway,
 Which stole my health, and rest, and peace away.

Professions, void of meaning, I receiv'd,
 And still I found them false---and still believ'd:
 Imagin'd all who courted me approv'd,
 Who prais'd, esteem'd me, and who flatter'd, lov'd.
 Fondly I hop'd, now vain those hopes appear!
 Each man was faithful and each maid sincere.
 Still, disappointment mock'd the lingering day:
 Still, new-born wishes kept my soul in play.

When in the rolling year no joy I find,
 I trust the *next*; the *next* will sure be kind;
 The next, fallacious as the *last* appears,
 And sends me on to still *remoter* years:

They

They come---they promise, but forget to give:
I *live* not, but I still *intend* to live.

At length, deceiv'd in all my schemes of blifs,
I join'd these three in search of Happiness.

E L I Z A.

Is this the world of which we want a fight?
Are these the beings who are call'd polite?

F L O R A.

If so, oh gracious Heav'n! hear FLORA's pray'r,
Preserve me still in humble virtue here!
Far from such baneful pleasures may I live,
And keep, O keep me from the taint they give!

L A U R I N D A.

'Till now, I've slept on life's tumultuous tide,
No principle of action for my guide;
From *ignorance* my chief misfortunes flow,
I never wish'd to learn, or car'd to know;
With ev'ry folly flow-pac'd time beguil'd,
In size a woman, but in soul a child;
In slothful ease my moments crept away,
And busy trifles fill'd the tedious day;
I liv'd extempore, as fancy fir'd,
As chance directed, or caprice inspir'd:

Too indolent to think, too weak to chuse,
 Too soft to blame, too gentle to refuse;
 I took my colouring from the world around,
 The figures they, my mind the simple ground:
 Fashion with monstrous forms the canvas stain'd,
 'Till nothing of my genuine self remain'd;
 My pliant soul from chance receiv'd it's bent,
 And neither good perform'd, or evil meant:
 From right to wrong, from vice to virtue thrown,
 No character possessing of it's own.

Tho' not by nature to a vice inclin'd,
 A drear vacuity possess'd my mind;
 Too old to be with infant sports amus'd,
 Unfit for converse, and to books unus'd:
 The wise avoided me, they cou'd not hear
 My senseless prattle with a patient ear.

Disgusted, restless, every plan amiss,
 I come with these in search of Happiness.

F L O R I S S A.

United thus by some uncommon fate,
 Resolv'd on virtue if not yet too late:
 We form'd a friendship which thro' life shall last,
 And vows and choice and love have bound it fast.
 We laid our elegant attire aside.

E U P H E L I A.

EUPHELIA thought it hard to put off pride.

PASTORELLA.

H A P P I N E S S .

19

P A S T O R E L L A .

Each left her title and exchang'd her name,

F L O R I S S A .

An act FLORISSA hopes will merit fame.

U R A N I A .

Your candor, beauteous damsels, I approve,
Your foibles pity, and your merits love.

How few, O sacred virtue! can acquire
That heart-felt transport thy pure flames inspire!

But ere I say the methods you must try
To gain the glorious prize for which you fight,
Your fainting strength and spirits must be cheer'd
With a plain meal, by temperance prepar'd.

F L O R E L L A .

No luxury our humble board attends,
But love and concord are it's smiling friends.

(They retire into the cottage.)

End of the Second DIALOGUE.

DIALOGUE

D I A L O G U E III.

SCENE, the Inside of the COTTAGE.

A RURAL ENTERTAINMENT.

URANIA, FLORA, ELIZA, FLORELLA, PASTORELLA,
EUPHELIA, FLORISSA, LAURINDA.

During the Repast FLORELLA sings the
following S O N G.

I.

HOW kind is that pow'r who has first sent us meat,
And then has with appetites blest'd us to eat!
Let the rich, and the great, and the vain, and the gay,
Still ridicule wisdom and all she can say;

II.

In beautiful *nature* no charm can they find,
The pleasures *they* follow a sting leave behind.
Can criminal passion enrapture the breast
Like virtue protected, or innocence blest'd?

III.

O wou'd you, ye great ones, her impulse attend,
No longer at luxury's shrine would you bend.

Our

H A P P I N E S S :

21

Our mornings are cheerful, our labors are blest'd,
Our ev'nings are pleasant, our nights crown'd with rest.

IV.

Our water is drawn from the clearest of springs,
And our fruits are as ripe as your's, or your King's.
Of how little use then to us were your wealth,
When without it we purchase both pleasure and health!
They rise and come forward.

U R A N I A .

Thus pass the tranquil hours of rural ease,
Where life is bliss, and pleasures truly please!

L A U R I N D A .

With joy we view the dangers we have past,
Assur'd we've found *felicity* at last.

F L O R E L L A .

I weep to think how greatly you mistake,
But youth will ever rash conclusions make.
Judge no man happy by his *outward* air,
All may *within* be bitterness and care;
Tho' the full heart with agony be rent,
Prudence will wear the semblance of content:
Seclude it's anguish from the public sight,
And feed on sorrow with a sad delight:

Fly

Fly ev'ry eye to cherish darling grief;
This fond indulgence it's supreme relief.

To shew *contentment* treads not human ground,
Nor can in any state of life be found:
Know, that URANIA, that accomplish'd fair,
Whose virtues make her Heav'n's peculiar care:
Ev'n she, (who merits every joy to know,)
Hath deeply drain'd the bitter cup of woe.
With those sad eyes she weeps a husband dead,
With those poor hands she earns her infants bread.
In affluence born, and bred in splendid state,
She feels the cruellest extreme of fate;
Yet noble, and superior to distress,
She knows the hand which wounds, hath pow'r to bless;
Instead of murmuring at his sacred will,
Grateful, she bows for what he leaves her still.
Remembers *Who* to erring man, did spare
One SON, exempt from *sin*, but none from *care*.

P A S T O R E L L A.

Blest be that pow'r divine who brought us here!

U R A N I A.

Dear to my arms, and to my heart most dear!

Of all the various evils which infest
The human mind, and rob it of it's rest:

Our highest happiness and heaviest woe,
From good, or evil *education* flow;
And hence, our future dispositions rise,
The ill we fly from, or the good we prize.

Mistaken damsels! cou'd you hope for bliss,
The slaves of errors, you yourselves confess?

EUPHELIA sighs for *flattery*, *dress*, and *show*,
The too, too common source of *female* woe!
In beauty's sphere pre-eminence to find,
She flights the great improvements of the mind.
I would not rail at *beauty's* charming pow'r,
I would but have her aim at something more;
Beauty with reason need not quite dispense,
And coral lips may sure speak common sense;
Beauty makes virtue most divinely rare,
Virtue makes beauty more than mortal fair!
Confirms it's conquest o'er the yielding mind,
And those your *beauties* gain, your *virtues* bind.

Wou'd you, ye fair, the bright example give,
Fir'd with ambition, *men* like you wou'd live:
Wou'd chuse for merit, and esteem for sense,
And taste the solid transports these dispense.
No more wou'd rakes disdain the shackled life,
Nor scorn that poor neglected thing---a wife;
But shunning each delusive path of sin,
All joy without, all sweet content within,

E

Wou'd

Wou'd rouse at virtue's and at honor's voice,
 And *love* from *reason*, whom they *lik'd* from *choice*.
 Then marriage wou'd with peace go hand-in hand,
 And Concord's temple close to Hymen's stand.

Each might be blest'd, wou'd each in turn submit,
 Nor *man* affect *controul*, nor *woman* *wit*.

Discord begun, how seldom does it cease?
 'Tis the first difference breaks the chain of peace!

Abhor beginnings---always dread the worst:

Admit a doubt and you're compleatly curst.

'Tis *follies*, more than *vices*, that destroy,

Not sin, but weakness, taints the nuptial joy.

Let *woman* then her real good discern,

And her true interests of URANIA learn:

Her lowest name---the tyrant of an hour,

And her best empire, negligence of pow'r;

By yielding, she obtains the noblest sway,

And reigns despotic when she seems t' obey.

E U P H E L I A.

I find how those mistake the way to bliss,

Who in *externals* look for Happiness!

Tutor'd by thee, no more the men shall find,

The pow'r of flattery o'er EUPHELIA's mind:

'Tis the weak avenue, th' unguarded part

Which lets in vice directly to the heart.

URANIA.

H A P P I N E S S.

25

U R A N I A.

I pity PASTORELLA's hapless fate;
 By nature gentle, generous, mild, yet great;
 One false propension all her pow'rs confin'd,
 And chain'd her finer faculties of mind.
 How all the virtues might have triumph'd there,
 With early culture and *maternal* care!
 If *good* we plant not, *vice* will fill the mind,
 And *weeds* despoil the space, for *flow'r's* design'd.
 The human heart ne'er knows a state of rest,
 From bad to worse; from better on to best.
 We either gain or lose, we sink or rise:
 Nor rests poor struggling nature 'till she dies.
 'Tis the disease most fatal to the soul,
 To stop the race, before we've reach'd the goal:
 For nought our farther progress can preclude,
 So much as thinking we're *already* good.
 Then place the standard of fair virtue high,
 Pursue and grasp it, e'en beyond the sky.

P A S T O R E L L A.

I mourn the errors of my thoughtless youth,
 And long with thee to tread the paths of truth.

U R A N I A.

Learning is all the fair FLORISSA's aim,
 She seeks the loftiest pinnacle of fame.

Wou'd she the priviledge of *man* invade?
 Learning for female minds was never made;
Taste, elegance, and talents may be our's:
 But *learning* suits not our less vigorous pow'rs.
Learning but roughens, polish'd *taste* refines,
Dacier less lovely than *Sévigné* shines.
 Know, fair aspirer! cou'd you even hope,
 To speak like STONHOUSE, or to write like POPE:
 To join, like FERNEY's, or like HAGLEY's sage,
 Th' *historic, ethic, and poetic* page;
 With all the pow'rs of wit and judgment fraught,
 The flow of stile and the sublime of thought;
 Yet, if the milder graces of the mind,
 Graces peculiar to the *sex* design'd,
 Good-nature, patience, sweetness void of art,
 If these embellish'd not your virgin heart:
 You might be *dazzling*, but not truly *bright*,
 A pompous glare, but not an useful light:
 A *meteor*, not a *star* you wou'd appear,
 For *woman* shines but in her proper sphere.
 As some fair violet, loveliest of the glade,
 Sheds it's soft perfumes on the lonely shade:
 Withdraws it's modest head from public sight,
 Nor courts the sun, nor seeks the glare of light;
 Shou'd some rude hand prophanelly dare intrude,
 And bear it's beauties from it's native wood:

Expos'd

Expos'd abroad, it's languid colours fly,
It's form decays, and all it's odors die.

So *woman*, born to dignify retreat,
Unknown to flourish, and unseen be great :
To give domestic life it's sweetest charm,
With softness polish, and with virtue warm :
Fearful of fame, unwilling to be known,
Shou'd seek but Heav'n's applauses and her own :
No censures dread but those which crimes impart,
The censures of a self-condemning heart ;
With Angel-kindness shou'd behold distress,
And meekly *pity*, where she can't *redress* ;
Like beaming *mercy*, wipe affliction's tear,
But to herself not *justice* so severe ;
Her passions all corrected, or subdu'd :
But one, the virtuous thirst of doing good :
This great ambition still she calls her own,
This best ambition makes her breast it's throne.

F L O R I S S A.

Confus'd with shame, to thy reproofs I bend,
Thou best adviser, and thou truest friend !
From thee I'll learn to judge and act aright,
Humility with *reading* to unite ;
The finish'd character must *both* combine :
The *perfect woman* must in *either* shine.

U R A N I A.

U R A N I A.

LAURINDA's dark, untutor'd mind may shew
 What ills from want of *education* flow ;
 Wisdom and virtue no dominion keep
 O'er passions, not rein'd-in, but fast asleep.
 Passions are treasures, if they're manag'd right,
 And make the lamp of reason burn more bright.

How growing virtues fortify by time !
 And how ill-habits strengthen into crime !
 Those squander'd hours which nothing can replace
 Might have enrich'd her soul with ev'ry grace.

Accomplishments by Heav'n were first design'd
 Less to *adorn*, than to *amend* the mind :
 Each should contribute to this gen'ral end,
 And all to virtue, as their centre, tend.
 Th' acquirements which our best esteem invite
 Should not *project*, but soften, mix, unite :
 In glaring *light* not strongly be display'd,
 But sweetly lost and melted into *shade*.

L A U R I N D A.

O that important time cou'd back return,
 LAURINDA then shou'd have no cause to mourn !
 Accept, just Heav'n, my penitence sincere,
 My heart-felt anguish, and my fervent pray'r !

U R A N I A.

FLORELLA shines with more than human grace,
 Her heart all goodness, as all charms her face.

Reason

Reason in *her* to pure religion tends,
Subservient only to the noblest ends.
True piety's the magnet of the soul
Which upwards points, immortal bliss the pole.

Above the wretched, and below the great,
Kind Heav'n has plac'd her in a midd'ling state:
From rich and poor, at equal distance thrown,
The smile invidious, and th' insulting frown.
The *Demon, fashion*, never warp'd her soul,
Her passions move at *reason's* wise controul:
Her eyes the movements of her heart declare,
For what she dares to *be* she dares *appear*.
Unlectur'd in dissimulation's school,
To smile by *precept* and to blush by *rule*.

No pain she knows, for *guilt* she never knew,
To friendship faithful, and to honor true.
She smooths the path of my declining years,
And looks, with me, beyond this vale of tears.
Her thoughts are rational, her virtue pure;
---A virtuous mind is Happiness secure!
No *accident* can ever make it less,
Nor any *outward* circumstance increase.

CONTENT alone in VIRTUE we can find,
And HAPPINESS exists but in the MIND.

FLORISSA.

Let's join to bless that pow'r who brought us here,
 Adore His goodness, and His will revere!
 Assur'd that *health, content, and peace of mind*
 Are all the *blessings man on earth* can find.

FLORELLA, and a Chorus of Nymphs sing this

S O N G.

W H I L S T beauty and pleasure are now in their prime,
 And folly and fashion expect our whole time:
 Ah! let not these phantoms our wishes engage,
 Let us live so in youth, that we blush not in age.
 Let us try to get charms which will never decay,
 Nor listen to all that deceivers can say,
 How the tints of the rose and the jess'mine's perfume,
 The eglantine's fragrance, the lilac's gay bloom:
 Tho' fair and tho' fragrant, unheeded may lie,
 For that neither is sweet when FLORELLA is by.
 I sigh not for beauty, nor languish for wealth,
 But grant me, kind Providence, virtue and health:
 Then, richer than Kings, yes, and proud too as they,
 My days shall pass sweetly and swiftly away;
 For when time shall admonish, that youth is no more,
 And age, wrinkled age, threatens loud at my door:
 What charm then in beauty, or wealth shou'd I find?
 My treasure, my wealth is a sweet peace of mind.

Re-

H A P P I N E S S.

31

Reflexion's a Heav'n which on earth we enjoy,
To look forward is transport and backward is joy!
Thus virtue and wisdom shall warm the cold scene,
And fixty shall flourish as gay as sixteen.
And when long I the burthen of life shall have borne,
And death with his sickle shall cut the ripe corn,
Resign'd to my fate without murmur or sigh,
I'll bless the kind summons, and lie down, and die.

U R A N I A.

Now strike with sprightly airs, the violin:
And, Virgins, now the festive dance begin.

(Music and a rural Dance.)

T H E E N D.

F

PROLOGUE

PROLOGUE to HAMLET,

Spoken by the late Mr. POWELL on his Benefit-Night, at the Theatre at *Jacob's-Well*, in 1765.

WHEN genius flourish'd, and when SHAKESPEARE wrote,
When *Plays* nor wanted wit, nor *Prologues* thought:
Phœbus, to crown a merit so confess'd,
Decreed this boon to make his darling blest'd;
Two beauteous daughters of immortal Jove,
(Enchanting virgins, form'd alone for love,)
He brought, and both beside the Poet plac'd,
Who, *each* admir'd, and *each* by turns embrac'd;
He knew not which to leave, nor which to chuse,
This was the Comic, that the Tragic Muse;
Now, Comedy, blithe, buxom, debonair,
Seem'd all his wish, ambition, pride and care;
Then, sweet MELPOMENE his soul possess'd,
She was the gentlest, softest, loveliest, best;
To strains harmonious each attunes her lyre,
With solemn sweetness, or with living fire.
Perplex'd---the charm'd, divided Poet stood,
Transported, lost---alternately subdued.

Phœbus

Phœbus the wav'ring of his soul descried,
 And pass'd his leave to make *each* fair his bride:
 The God---strange sentence! 'tho' 'twas giv'n on high,
 For this one time allow'd *Polygamy*.

Th' enraptur'd bard unites each jarring wife,
 And, wondrous tale! adores them both for life.

To-night, for *your* applause, *my* dearest fame,
 I bring an offspring of the *Tragic* Dame;
 No thundering hero angry Jove defies,
 Nor impious lover storms against the skies;
 To draw the gen'rous, sympathetic tear,
 The *filial virtues* shall to-night appear;
 A flame so holy, and so chaste a zeal,
 As Heav'n might look on, or as Saints might feel:
 Beauties on beauties strike the dazzled eyes,
 New beauties still on former beauties rise:
 Oh nature! whence this pow'rful, magic sway,
 That from our bosoms steals our souls away?

If, to draw characters most justly bright,
 To contrast light with shade and shade with light:
 To trace up passions to their inmost source,
 And greatly paint them with uncommon force:
 If these, obedient still to nature's laws,
 Excite our wonder and exact applause,
 Be these, immortal SHAKESPEARE! ever thine,
 To feel, to praise, and to adore them, *mine*:

Engrave thy genuine feelings on this breast,
Be all my bosom with thy stamp impress'd!

Pardon this tribute*---nature will have way,
To SHAKESPEARE *nature* must her tribute pay.
Nor think presumption claims too large a part,
If I aspire to boast a grateful heart.
Oh gratitude! thou deity confess'd,
Thou angel passion in a human breast,
Forgive, if dearer to my soul than fame
I steal one ray of thy celestial flame:
With honest transport bring the spark divine,
And offer it, as incense, at this shrine.†

* Weeps. † To the Audience.

A P R O L O G U E,
Spoken at the Theatre in *King-street, Bristol*, by the
late Mr. POWELL, to the Tragedy of KING
LEAR, to introduce Mrs. POWELL, who ap-
peared in the Part of CORDELIA.

W I T H grateful joy, with honest pride elate,
See, a Triumvir* of our little state.

In ancient *Rome*, by custom 'twas decreed,
That civic crowns shou'd be the victor's meed;
Let victor's wear the gift of public laws,
---*My* noblest civic crown is *your* applause!

Thou, at whose shrine we nightly sacrifice,
Thou God of pathos, soul of SHAKESPEARE, rise!
Teach me thy melting, thy persuasive art,
To wake the tenderest feelings of the heart.

Blush not, ye good, ye grave, to shed a tear,
It falls from *virtue* if it falls for LEAR;
No wild licentious picture shall excite
The kindly dew-drops of your eyes to-night:
By no false colouring drawn, no lawless plan:
'Tis not the KING demands them,---'tis the MAN.

Let meaner bards, uncertain of success,
Cloath their thin thoughts in all the pomp of drefs:

When

* The Theatre was conducted by three Managers, of which Mr. POWELL was one.

When mighty Kings appear, let meaner bards
 Place royalty in trappings, state and guards;
 Our SHAKESPEARE scorns such paltry, futile arts,
He, whilst he charms you, meliorates your hearts:
 Rouses each nobler feeling of the mind,
 His volume *nature*, and his theme *mankind*;
 For this, eternal honors grace his name,
 And never-dying laurels crown his fame!

The hoary monarch of to-night, aspires
 To kindle *pity's* lamp at *nature's* fires.
 Weakness and passion, tenderness and rage,
 The fire of youth, the frowardness of age,
 With filial cruelty's acutest sting,
 Rend the sad bosom of a wretched King:
 Unworthy, 'till by crushing woes distress'd,
 Greatest when fall'n, and noblest when oppress'd.

Now let me, trembling, lift an anxious eye,
 And touch each chord of soft humanity;
 Let me, in each kind face, read sweet applause,
 Whilst I presume to plead a *woman's* cause;
 To-night---the *second* æra of my life,
 I venture here my *pupil*, more---my *wife*!
 Imagine all her doubts, and all her fears,
 Her soft alarms, her apprehensive tears;
 No sanguine hope her aching bosom fires,
 No fancied fame her timid soul inspires;

Indulge

Indulge her with the sunshine of *your* praise,
A frown wou'd kill her, as a smile cou'd raise:
The fearful blossom will, with joy, expand,
If kindly nurtur'd by your fost'ring hand.
Come then, CORDELIA, come! for sages tell
'Tis worthy praise but to *endeavour* well;
Thus, hand in hand, to the same point we'll tend,
Nature our *means*, morality our *end*.

If modest hope be crown'd, if sweet success
Her humble wish, her rising efforts bless:
She'll think 'twas *here* her trembling steps first mov'd,
And be more grateful as she's more approv'd;
You she'll esteem her friends, her fame, her fate,
And from this hour her future fortunes date;
Then smile, propitious smile, and make for life
One grateful *Husband*, and one happy *Wife*.

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